

## BRECKENRIDGE NEWS

## A HARD CASE.

The Unpleasant Circumstances in Which Mrs. Gordon Granger is Placed.

One scarcely knows whether to pity or blame the widow of the late General Gordon Granger for the unpleasant circumstances in which she has placed herself by her marriage with Captain Blair, of the Fifteenth Infantry. General Gordon seems to have been greatly attached to Blair, and died in his arms on the field. The dashing and handsome captain in due course of time became a successful author for the widow's hand, and they were married. But she was already aware that he had lived for many years in marital relations with a woman in his native Scotland, and was the father of her children. Blair persuaded Mrs. Granger that no legal marriage had ever existed between him and the deceased Scottish lassie.

And so this beautiful woman, the daughter of a proud old Kentucky family, and widow of a distinguished general, gave her hand to the adventurer, whom she knew to be guilty either of bigamy or of having lived for years in an unlawful union. But the couple miscalculated on the forbearance of a "woman scorned." The Scottish woman became an avenging Nemesis on the track of the newly-wedded pair, utterly wrecking the fabric of nuptial happiness they had built. Blair was dismissed from the service by sentence of court-martial, and is under criminal arrest. Mrs. Granger has resumed her former name, and instituted legal proceedings to have her marriage with Blair pronounced null and void *ab initio*.

The lesson is a sad one, but salutary if laid to heart and acted on. Mrs. Granger married a man who was guilty, according to his own confession, of irregularities which would have cast her out of the pale of respectability. Had she judged him by the same rule of moral conduct which he would have applied to her, the sad denouement could never have come. There is no reason why conduct which fixes the brand of infamy on a woman should be excused in a man.

## A Game of Checkers.

Detroit Free Press.

Up to three evenings ago such a thing as a checker-board was never known in Mr. Gratton's house. He and his aged partner have managed to pass the long evenings very pleasantly, and he supposed they were happy enough until a friend from the East paid them a flying visit and asserted over and over again that the game of checkers was not only all the rage there, but that it served to quicken the perceptive faculties, enlarge the mind and render the brain more active. After giving the subject due thought, Mr. Gratton walked down town and purchased a checker-board, and when evening came he surprised his good wife by bringing it in from the wood-shed and saying:

"Well, Martha, we'll have a game or two before we go over to the social. I expect to beat you all to flinders, but you won't care."

"Of course not, and if I beat you why you won't care," she replied.

They sat down, and he claimed the first move. She at once objected, but when he began to grow red in the face she yielded and he led off. At the fourth move she took a man, chuckling as she raked him in.

"I don't see anything to grin at," she sneered as he moved a man backward.

"Here! you can't move that way!" she called out.

"I can't, eh? Perhaps I never played checkers before you were born?"

She saw a chance to jump two more men and gave in the point, but as she moved he cried out:

"Put them men right back there! I've concluded not to move backwards even if Hoyle does permit it!"

She gave in again, but when he jumped a man her nose grew red and she cried out:

"I didn't mean to move there, I was thinking of the social!"

"Can't help the social, Martha—we must go by Hoyle."

In about two minutes she jumped two men and went into the king-row, shouting:

"Crown him! crown him! I've got a King!"

"One would think by your childish actions that you never played a game before!" he growled out.

"I know enough to beat you!"

"You do, eh? Some folks are awful smart."

"And some folks ain't!" she snapped, as her king captured another man.

"What in thunder are you jumping that way for?"

"A king can jump any way!"

"No he can't!"

"Yes he can!"

"Don't talk back to me, Martha Gratton! I was playing checkers when you were in your cradle!"

"I don't care! I can jump two men whenever you move!"

He looked down on the board, saw that such was the case, and roared out:

"You've moved twice to my ones!"

"I haven't!"

"I'll take my oath you have! I can't play against any such black-leg practices!"

Who's a black-leg? You are not only cheated, but you tried to lie out of it!"

Board and checkers fell between them. He could get on his hat quicker than she could find her bonnet, and that was the only reason why he got out of the house first. A Woodward Avenue grocer found him sitting on a basket of cranberries at the door as he was closing up for the night, and asked him if he was waiting for his wife to come along.

"Well, not exactly; I stopped here to feel in my pocket for the key of the barn. I shall sleep on the hay to-night and see if it won't cure this cold in my head!"

A young lady while on her way to be married was run over and killed. A confirmed old maid savagely remarked, "She has avoided a more lingering and horrible fate."

A country blacksmith out West put up a notice: "No horses shodded Sunday except sickness and death."

## A LOVE STORY.

The Romantic Story of the Fate of the Beautiful Daughter of General Winfield Scott.

In the gossip which followed the announcement that General Sherman's son had left for Europe to become a Catholic priest, a story was told of the romantic circumstances attending the career of one of General Winfield Scott's daughters, who died in the Convent of the Visitation at Georgetown. This story was to the effect that Miss Scott fell deeply in love with an attaché of a foreign legation, who loved sincerely in return. The match was opposed by General Scott, and through his intervention was broken off. She went heartbroken to a convent, and he prepared himself and was admitted to the priesthood. In course of time he was ordered to Georgetown College, and a portion of his duties consisted in hearing the confessions of the nuns at the college. On one of these occasions Miss Scott knelt in the confessional to her former lover. Each recognized the other. She fainted, went into a rapid decline and soon died. He left the country.

The true story of the affair as related by a friend of the family of General Scott is much less romantic than the fate of the gossip. Nearly forty years ago Mrs. General Scott was living in Paris with her family, the younger daughters being pupils in the Convent of the Sacred Heart. She moved in the highest circles of Parisian society, and her eldest daughter was known because of her exceeding beauty and culture as "La belle Americaine." A Frenchman of excellent family and considerable wealth fell in love with Miss Scott. His affection was reciprocated, and with the consent of Mrs. Scott an engagement of marriage was made. In visiting the Convent of the Sacred Heart where her younger sisters were at school, Miss Scott became deeply impressed with the holy life of the Sisters. In a comparatively short time she was converted and determined to devote her life to the Church. She sought and obtained a release from her engagement. What became of her lover is not known, beyond the fact that he never left Europe. He was reported to have joined a religious order in Rome. Miss Scott returned to the United States with her mother shortly afterward, and was admitted to the Convent of Visitation at Georgetown. She was in delicate health when, on the 2d of October, 1844, she received the habit of the novice, and on the 26th of August, 1845, she died of consumption.

## A CARSON CLERGYMAN.

Remarkable Conduct of Rev. Mr. Davis.

Reno (Nev.) Gazette.

Rev. Mr. Davis has recently become the rector of the Episcopal church at Carson. One evening, shortly after his arrival, a social was given at the church for the purpose of giving the members an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the new pastor. Two of the oldest and most respectable pillars of the sanctuary entered the pastor's study—a cozy little room, where a fire was brightly burning—and found a dozen gentlemen lounging around in easy attitudes and smoking. As Mr. Davis was known to be a well-to-do and liberal, the cigars did not shock the brethren much. They were introduced, and rather stared at Mr. Davis, a very unclerical-looking gentleman, with a drooping black mustache and somewhat rakish air.

"I'm glad you've come among us, Brother Davis," said one of the old gentlemen, politely.

"Thank," replied his reverence, affably. "It is a pretty good layout, I reckon."

The old man gasped, but managed to say that he hoped the church would prosper under his ministrations.

"Well," responded the clergyman, with cheerful confidence, "I'll give the boys a rattle, and do what I can to drive in a few gospel stakes. Is it a pretty good crowd for business?"

Both the horrified brethren stared speechlessly at the pastor. Seeing that they failed to comprehend, the reverend gentleman kindly explained:

"Oh, you don't tumble to the racket! What I mean is, will you church fellows stand in when I need and go for the sinners?"

Finally, murmuring something about being always willing to assist in the Lord's work, the brethren were staggering out when their new pastor stopped them with:

"Isn't this rather a dusty style of treating a fellow? Can't you trot out something to welcome a whistler?"

They fled, after one scared look at one another, and were making from the church, when another brother halted them and said he wanted to introduce them to the new pastor.

"We've seen him," growled one.

"Where?"

"In the study, in a cloud of tobacco smoke."

"Impossible. He's in the vestry, and a very nice old gentleman he is."

"And who is the other Mr. Davis—the young man in the study?" asked the relieved brethren, when they had shaken hands with a wholly acceptable and entirely respectable Mr. Davis.

The good old gentlemen chuckled, and replied:

"My son Sam, doublets—Sam, of the Virginia Chronicle."

It was indeed he—with the plate of strawberries mark on the stomach.

SARUMSTANCES AND CHIEF.—A son of Maine, who went West in early youth, and has there attained wealth and an honorable position, returned last summer to visit his old home. At the village store he saw an old man whom he had known in his younger days. He accosted him, but was not recognized. "So you don't remember me," he said; "I am John R—." "You!" exclaimed the old man, "you don't mean to tell me that you are John R—?" "I certainly am," said the visitor, shaking him by the hand, "and I'm very glad to see you again."

"Well," persisted the old man, "I never did. To think that this is you. They tell me you've grown awful rich, John."

John admitted that he had "made something," and "And they say you're the president of a railroad, and got a big salary."

Again John had to admit that rumor spoke truth. "I'm glad on it, my boy! It beats all what circumstances and check will do for a man."

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